DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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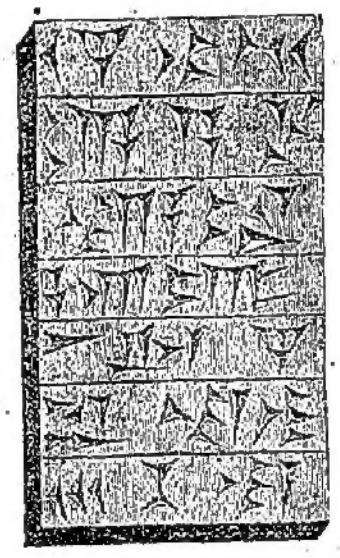

CUNEIFORM WRITING.

THE A, B, C OF WRITING.

BY REV. F. P. WOODBURY, D.D.

What do we know about methods of writing from thirty-two to thirty-five centuries ago? Was writing of any kind practised in those times? Was it possible to write the books of Moses in his times? Just now these are interesting questions. The forthcoming revision of the Old Testament Scriptures turns public attention anew to the ancient character of these venerable writings and to the certainty of their accurate transmission from the dim past down to our own day.

Attacks on the genuineness and authenticity of these books have been made throughout the ages from every possible point. But our means for meeting these attacks seem to increase with every new advance of historic discovery. To the five oldest books of the Bible the formidable objection has been raised that they purport to come down to us from a time before the art of alphabet writing was in use. Many years ago Andrews Norton, the Unitarian, declared that there was no satisfactory evidence of alphabetic writing at the period of Moses. If known to others it was improbable that it was known to the Hebrews. He said they could not have learned it of the Egyptians, and this would send us back to Abraham for it. "But it would be idle to argue against the supposition that it was known at the time of Abraham."

The Scriptures say that "Moses wrote the goings out of the people of Israel according to their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord," and that he bade the Levites "take this book of the law and put it into the side of the ark of the covenant." Could this have been done?

The Bible lands of that early period lie between the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile. Their ancient governments and civilizations have long since perished. Babylon and Nineveh are shapeless mounds, the palaces and cities of Egypt are ruins, Phœnicia has left no literature and almost no historic monuments. But it is universally agreed that, if writing was known anywhere, it was in these lands.

If we turn to the valley of the Nile and ask whether a man "instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" of that time could know how to write, we learn that at the time of Moses two kinds of writing were in common use among the Egyptians. They had the heiroglyphic, or picture writing. All writing seems to have begun in the making of rude pictures. The scenes portrayed on the accompanying illustration of a mummy-case are endeavors to give a record of the character and destiny of the deceased person. Within the case is usually found another and fuller record called "the book of the dead." At the top of the lower division of the case a line of characters is seen which in shape more nearly approach the appearance of ordinary writing. But when these are analyzed they are found to be pictorial signs which have become conventional symbols of sounds. This was the hieroglyphic writing. After a time the pictures were taken to represent the first sound in the name of the object. Then the pictures were simplified more and more until *they became the arbitrary signs of sounds.* Thus the Egyptian name for the owl, "Mulak," was first written by making a picture of an owl. Then the picture was taken to signify the sound of M, the first sound in "Mulak." *In the peaks of the* letter M may still be seen the two ears of the owl, while the descending V shape shows what is left of the beak, and the two perpendicular standards supporting its sides, I I, are the legs of the bird. About one thousand of these signs were used. This hieroglyphic writing antedates anything *we have learned of Egyptian history.* It is found as far back as the age of the Great Pyramid and is much older than any other known writing. The common use of pen and paper also goes back to the same distant era.

A MUMMY CASE, WITH INSC

At the time of Moses the Egyptians had also the hieratic, or priestly, writing, which had been in use for a thousand years. This was derived from the other, but approached more closely to a phonetic use of letters. It was evidently intended to give the priests a written character not generally known to the people. That eminent Egyptologist, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, says, "We know that hieroglyphics were commonly understood by all educated persons." The position and training of Moses necessarily made him acquainted with the hieratic system which was the germ of alphabetic writing.

The discoveries and investigations of the last forty years have placed us in a far better position than that held by Andrews Norton when he declared against the probability that Moses could write alphabetically and scouted the possibility of the art being known at the time of Abraham. We have in hand a store of material of which he could know nothing. Isaac

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Taylor's recent great work on the origin of the alphabet indicates the present extent of our knowledge when, after showing that the Egyptians accompanied their hieroglyphic writing with a certain number of alphabetic characters, it says: "The immensely early date at which such symbols are found is a fact of the highest importance, and establishes the literal truth of the assertion that the letters of the alphabet are older than the Pyramids—older, in fact, than any other existing monument of civilization."

In fact, we find that the Egyptians, as far back as the age of their most ancient surviving monuments, had in use letters adequate to the formation of a sufficient alphabet. But they did not dare to trust themselves to these letters alone; they accompanied them with a needless multiplicity of other signs. The departure from this complicated system, by discarding these unnecessary signs, was an achievement reserved to the genius of the Semitic races.

For hundreds of years in which this hieratic writing, with its admixture of hieroglyphs, was in use, a Semitic people was sojourning in Egypt. From among the countless books in the land during the residence of the Israelites there, a single volume has come down to our hands. It is a papyrus which was found in a tomb in Thebes, "one of the strangest waifs that have floated down to us from the childhood of the world." Chabas terms it the most ancient book of the world. "The manuscript at Paris which contains it," says Renouf, "was written centuries before the Hebrew lawgiver was born." Indeed, this venerable relic of antiquity is probably older than the times of Abraham. This priceless manuscript enabled De Rouge to argue the direct derivation of some letters in the Semitic alphabet from the oldest form of the hieratic writing, as it appears here, actually inscribed long before the birth of Moses. He found on these faded and almost illegible pages, letters which are the unmistakable originals of some in the Semitic alphabet.

The ancient tradition that the Phœnicians derived their art of writing, at least partly, from Egyptian originals, is thus confirmed by the latest paleographic investigations, and is true of them alike with the Hebrews. We have no remains of the Phœnician literature. Most of what we can learn of its alphabet is derived from a few monumental inscriptions. The single remaining representative of its forms is found in the Samaritan, "the sacred script of the few families who still keep alive the old life of Israel on the site of Shechem, and still worship, as of old, on Mount Gerizim." But the Phœnician letters were substantially the same as the Hebrew. Whether the Phœnicians conveyed their letters from their trading posts in Egypt to their own ports, or gained their knowledge of them from the Hebrews, is entirely unknown. But there is no longer any doubt that their common alphabet with the Hebrews, in some of its original forms, was used in Egypt before the time of the Hebrew exodus. The suggestion of Rawlinson that they probably took their alphabet from the Hebrews is in exact line with what historic evidence there is on the subject.

If we are to go farther back and ask after the primary origin of alphabetic writing, we get no historic answer. All that we know is that it was first the property of peoples occupying what are called the lands of the Bible, the regions lying between the Euphrates and the Nile.

We have seen that, in the earliest forms of the Egyptian writing, there was a curious conjoining of picture-characters with alphabetic signs. This was needless; but those using it had no adequate sense of the true value of letters. Although they seem to have had some perception of the use of letters, yet they preferred to trust chiefly to the more crude and complicated hieroglyphs. We do not know how the Egyptians came to attach these alphabetic forms, the use of which they seem never to have fully appreciated, to their picture-signs. But it is proved in history that only the Semites had such a sense of the full value of letters as to make real practical use of them. Is it extravagant to imagine that they first originated them? We know that Chaldæa was in very early communication with Egypt. Possibly the germinal idea of an alphabet, which the Egyptians got somewhere but were never able to work out came to them originally from the valley of the Euphrates where once bloomed the garden of Eden. Let us turn our thoughts thither.

The illustration at the head of this article of a Babylonian brick, stamped, when the clay was soft, with the ancient cuneiform or arrow-headed characters, indicates that on the banks of the Euphrates writing was in use from a very early period. We have specimens of this Babylonian writing which are over four thousand years old, dating back three hundred years before the time of Abraham. But even then these letters had ceased to be symbolic and already represented sounds. Thus we know that in Chaldæa the art of writing had already reached the stage which immediately precedes a strict alphabetic system. And we know, by as good evidence as is thought to be sufficient to establish the antiquity of other documents, that one of Abraham's descendants wrote in alphabetic letters. There are, therefore, no adequate considerations to invalidate the view of Rawlinson that Abraham may have brought an alphabetic system from Ur or Chaldæa, and that this may have been modified in Egypt and Canaan and assumed a settled form in the writings of Moses.

All the lines of evidence now in our possession converge to the conclusion that, so far from its being improbable that Moses could write alphabetically, it is certain that Moses had access to the forms of the Semitic letters, whether they came originally from the valley of the Nile or from that of the Euphrates. To use the words of Prof. Robertson Smith in speaking of the literary development of the Hebrew, we are justified in concluding that "the Semitic peoples possessed the art of writing and an alphabetic character from a date so remote as to be lost in the mists of antiquity. This character was formerly known as Phœnician, its invention being ascribed to that people. In reality it was the common property of all Semitic nations between Assyria and Egypt—an alphabetic character in contact on the east and on the west with more complicated syllabic or hieroglyphic systems, from one or other of which it may possibly have been derived."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LIVING LUNCH BASKETS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

Of course it is not at all surprising that you should carry your lunch with you when you are going to be away from home all day, but think of an animal doing such a thing!

There is the camel, for instance. Everybody knows that it carries its drinking water with it, but it does more; it carries its lunch too. That hump on the camel's back is not a curvature of the spine, as it may seem, but a mass of fatty material. That hump, in fact, is the camel's lunch basket.

When a well-fed, healthy camel starts out on a journey across the desert, its water pouch is full, and its hump is big. When water fails, the camel has only to draw on its reservoir, and when food is wanting the hump is called upon.

Not that the camel helps itself to bites of its hump. That would be a decidedly uncomfortable way of getting a meal, and very likely the camel would rather go hungry than do that. In some way the hump is gradually absorbed, and for a long time after the camel has been unable to find anything to eat, it can get along very comfortably on what its hump supplies it with. By-and-by, of course, the hump is used up, and then the camel will starve as quickly as any other animal.

A great deal more like a genuine lunch basket is the bag the pelican carries its food in. The pelican is about as ungainly and odd a bird as can be found, and yet is a very interesting one. It has great webbed feet, short legs, big body, huge wings, and an enormous head.

Its head is mostly bill, and on the under part of the bill is a flabby bag made of tough skin. That bag can stretch and stretch until it can hold an incredible quantity of fish, for it is in that bag that the pelican puts the fish it catches for its food. When the bag is full, the pelican rises heavily from the sea, and with broad sweeps of its great wings flaps slowly to the shore, where it alights and prepares to enjoy the meal it has earned. One by one the still living fish are tossed into the air, and come down head first into the wide-opened mouth of the hungry bird.

Then there are some of the South American monkeys which have curious little lunch baskets in their cheeks. Everybody must have seen monkeys stuffing and stuffing food into their mouths until their cheeks were bulged quite out of shape.

It looks as if the greedy little fellows were merely cramming their mouths full. The truth is, many of the monkeys have queer little pockets in their cheeks into which they can stow enough food for a meal. Nor do the full cheeks interfere at all with the chewing of the monkeys any more than if the pockets were outside instead of inside of the mouth.

The cow and deer and sheep and other similar animals have still another way of laying in a supply of food. They bite off grass and leaves and swallow them without chewing at all. That food goes into a special stomach, there to stay until it is wanted. When the animal is ready for it, a ball of the food is made up in that first stomach, and sent up into the animal's mouth. That ball is just a mouthful, and the animal can chew it comfortably. After it is chewed and swallowed it goes into the proper stomach, and is digested. Eating in that way is called ruminating.—*Harper's Young People.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 5.

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.—John 15: 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15: 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Abiding in Christ is the source of the Christian life, its fruits and blessings.

DAILY READINGS

M. John 15: 1-16.
T. John 15: 17-27.
W. Psalm 80: 1-19.
Th. Isa. 5: 1-7.
F. 1 John 2: 1-14.
Sa. 1 John 4: 1-21.
Su. 1 John 5: 1-15.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, ten or eleven o'clock, immediately after the last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—At the close of the last chapter, the whole company arose and prepared *to leave the room; but Jesus had more to say,* and while they were standing, He spoke chaps. 15 and 16, and uttered the prayer in chap. 17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. TRUE VINE: the source of life to all His disciples. HUSBANDMAN: the founder and owner of the vine, who cares for it, and whose is the fruit. 2. EVERY BRANCH: each individual Christian, each church, is a branch. PURGETH IT: cleanseth it, by pruning, by taking away any insects or fungus that hinders it, by culture, by new life. So Jesus does with His disciples. He gives new life, trains and teaches, and removes whatever hinders fruit-bearing. 4. ABIDE IN ME: by believing, by loving, by communion, by obedience, by studying His Word. 5. MUCH FRUIT: the fruits are a holy character, good life, noble deeds, the conversion of others, the world made better. 7. ASK WHAT YE WILL, etc.: this promise is to those who abide in Jesus and live according to His Word, for such will ask what is right and wise. 9. CONTINUE YE IN MY LOVE: by obedience (v. 10). 11. MY JOY: joy of doing good, of loving, of free, healthy activity, of communion with God, of faith and submission, of heaven and all its delights. 15. HENCEFORTH I CALL YOU NOT SERVANTS: they were to do His will; but not in a servile manner, because they must, or merely from a sense of duty. I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS: He tells them His plans; He works with them as friends, and they serve Him because they love Him.

QUESTIONS.

Give the time and place of this lesson. How is it connected with the last lesson?

SUBJECT: ABIDING IN CHRIST.

AN ILLUSTRATION (vs. 1-4).—To what is Christ compared? Who is the husbandman? Who are the branches? What was done to the branches that did not bear fruit? What to those which bore fruit? What is meant by "purgeth it"? In what way does he do it? What is it to abide in Christ?

I. FIRST EFFECT OF ABIDING IN CHRIST,—FRUIT (vs. 4-6).—What is the fruit the branches are expected to bear? Why cannot they bear fruit unless they abide in Christ? What becomes of those who will not abide in Him?

II. SECOND EFFECT,—ANSWER TO PRAYER (v. 7).—What promise is made to them? What must they do to claim it? Why can only those who abide in Him have the certainty that their prayers will be answered?

III. THIRD EFFECT,—A PROOF OF DISCIPLESHIP (v. 8).—How is the Father glorified in His children? What would prove them the true disciples of Jesus? Why?

IV. FOURTH EFFECT,—ABIDING IN THE LOVE OF JESUS (vs. 9, 10).—How much does Jesus love us? What comfort and help in this? How may we continue in His love? How does He show this by His own experience?

V. FIFTH EFFECT,—FULNESS OF JOY (v. 11).—What was one reason He had *spoken* these things to them? What is Christ's joy? Is this the highest and truest joy? How much joy may we have? Does religion make us happy?

VI. SIXTH EFFECT,—LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER (vs. 12-14).—What is the great commandment of Jesus? When did we study about this before? (ch. 13: 34.) How much should we love one another? What is it to lay down our life for others?

VII. SEVENTH EFFECT,—TRUE SERVICE (vs. 14-16).—Is it our duty to serve Christ? What is the difference between serving Him as a bondservant and as a friend? How may we know whether we are His friends? (v. 14.) How has He chosen us? What for?

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 12.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.—John 16: 5-20.

COMMIT VERSES 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He will guide you into all truth.—John 16: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The mission of the Holy Spirit is to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and to guide disciples into all truth.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 16: 1-20.
T. John 16: 22-33.
W. Acts 2: 1-21.
Th. Acts 2: 22-43.
F. Acts 24: 10-27.
Sa. 1 Cor. 15: 1-20.
Su. John 14: 15-31.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A.D. 30. The night before the crucifixion, immediately after our last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is a continuation of the discourse in our last lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

7. IT IS EXPEDIENT FOR YOU THAT I GO AWAY: why? (1) Because only when glorified in heaven could they see Him as He is in His divine nature. (2) In bodily presence He could be with but few at a time; now He can be with all alike at all times. (3) By His going away the Comforter came. (4) Because they needed to be trained to live by faith, not by sight. (5) Only by going away (by the cross) could He make atonement for sin. THE COMFORTER: the ADVOCATE. One who pleads, convinces, instructs, as well as comforts. I WILL SEND HIM: first on Pentecost, two weeks later, and ever after. 8. REPROVE: convince, convict. 9. OF SIN, etc.: (1) Rejecting Christ is rejecting all goodness, for He is the sum of all. (2) It is rejecting God. (3) Only a very sinful heart could resist His love. (4) Christ is a perfect standard, and, by seeing Him, we are convicted of our own short-comings. (5) Unbelief shows great ingratitude. 10. OF RIGHTEOUSNESS: of God's goodness, and what we ought to be. (1) Jesus, going to His Father, made men see His goodness in its true light. (2) By dying on the cross He showed perfect obedience. (3) By His death for us He showed how much He valued our becoming good. (4) By His going the convincing Spirit came. 11. OF JUDGMENT: their false views and standards, and God's true and just judgment, and that God will judge us for all the deeds done in the body. THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD: Satan. IS JUDGED: condemned; the mark of disapproval put upon him; his plans thwarted and defeated. 13. GUIDE YOU INTO ALL TRUTH: so that they would be inspired in their writings, and in their plans for the new Church. NOT SPEAK OF HIMSELF: the Father, Son, and Spirit are all in harmony. The Spirit unfolds the THINGS TO COME: the book of Revelation, and new developments of truth through all the history of the Church, unsearchable riches of Christ. 16 A LITTLE WHILE, etc.: they would behold Him no more in bodily form, but they would see Him after His resurrection, and then in His Spirit at Pentecost, and His working all through the ages.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give the time and place of this lesson. Its connection with the last lesson. The circumstances.

SUBJECT: THE MISSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I. THE PROMISE OF THE COMFORTER (vs. 5-7).—Why were the disciples filled with sorrow? What did Christ promise them for their comfort? Give reasons why it was expedient for Him to go away? Who is meant by the Comforter? Why is He so called? When was this promise fulfilled?

Why would not the Comforter come unless Christ went away? Explain more fully the reasons why it was expedient for Jesus to go away.

II. THE WORK OF THE COMFORTER ON THE WORLD (vs. 8-11).—What three things does the Spirit do for the world? What is meant by "the world"? Meaning of "reprove" here? How does the Holy Spirit convince of sin? What is the need of being convinced of sin? Is unbelief so great as sin? Why? What is it to convince of righteousness? What is the need of this? What is it to convince of judgment?

How does the Spirit convince of sin "because they believe not on me"? What is the connection between His going to the Father and the Spirit convincing of righteousness? What judgment is referred to? Meaning of "because the prince of this world is judged"?

III. THE WORK OF THE COMFORTER FOR THE DISCIPLES (vs. 12-20).—Why did not Jesus tell His disciples all they needed to know? (v. 12.) Who would guide them to all truth? How does this teach us the inspiration of the New Testament? What would the Spirit teach them? How is this a test of influences whether they are from the Holy Spirit? May we have this guidance? What must we do to receive it? What did Jesus by "a little while and they should behold Him no more"? When should they see Him again? In what ways? (1 Cor. 15: 5-8; Acts 2: 32, 33; Comp. John 14: 16-18; Acts 1: 11.) How many texts can you find showing the work of the Holy Spirit?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Sorrow comes at some time to all.

II. But the sorrows God sends are expedient for us, for only through them can come the fulness and perfectness of joy.

III. One great need of the world is to be convinced that they are sinners and need salvation.

IV. Then they need to be convinced that there is real goodness, and that it is possible for them to have it.

V. They need to be convinced that judgment will come upon them unless they forsake sin and become righteous.

VI. The greatest sin, the source of many sins, is refusing to believe in Jesus Christ.

VII. Those who wholly commit themselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit will be guided into all truth.

VIII. We can test whether we are guided by the Spirit, because what the Spirit teaches always agrees with the teachings of Christ.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO LEAVE OFF CORSETS.

BY MARY A. ALLEN, M. D.

"What would you advise me to do in regard to leaving off my corset? I have worn one for 30 years, and when I take it off I feel 'all gone'; cannot work at all, in fact can scarcely sit up until I put on the corset again. Is there any special style of waist you would recommend to take the place of the corset?"

The above communication, just received, embodies the experience of multitudes of women, though the deduction drawn from their feelings is not that they would like to dispense with the corset as something hurtful, but rather that it ought to be retained as something beneficial. Their logical syllogism runs somewhat after this fashion: Anything we cannot live without is beneficial; I cannot live without my corset; therefore, the corset is beneficial. The drinking man follows the same logic in regard to his dram, and just as correctly. The very fact that the woman feels weak and unable to work when the corset is laid aside is proof that it has been hurtful. As Dr. Taylor says, "it has been a splint, a bandage," and beneficial as these may be in fractures they are injurious to healthy, sound bodies. The triple layer of muscles arranged for the perfect support and protection of the trunk of the body would have been entirely adequate for the purpose had they been allowed to do their work without let or hinderance; but having been compressed and restrained they have not been nourished by full circulation of blood through them; not having been called upon to perform their legitimate function of support they have not grown strong by exercise, but weak from lack of it. No man would expect to be able to use his arm if he had carried it in a sling for 30 years, nor would he wonder why it felt weak and uncomfortable if the sling were removed; and I fancy he would be able to form something of an idea of how to restore to his arm the vigor lost by its non-use. The same suggestions of common sense will aid us in the solution of the problem presented by our correspondent in regard to the corset.

First and most important is the necessity of supporting all underclothing from the shoulders. Not a single garment, even the smallest and lightest, should depend from the hips. This statement may seem rather *ultra*, but let any woman for months wear every garment supported from the shoulders, and then let her fasten even a pair of muslin drawers around her waist and she will soon begin to feel tired and dragged down, possibly without understanding why, until she recalls the unwonted weight about her hips, and the support of the garment from the shoulders will at once remove the sense of irritation and discomfort.

There is no way so effectual to relieve the hips of all weight of under-clothing as by adopting the combination garment, whereby the chemise is discarded, and the drawers and waist are united. Skirts which should be as few and light as possible, may now be fastened to an underwaist or supported by suspenders. The waist may be made after a good fitting basque pattern, or the Flynt waist, Bates waist, or some other form of of hygienic waist may be selected. This waist, as well as the dress, should be so loose that the deepest possible breath may be drawn without feeling restriction from the clothing.

The clothing having thus been remodelled, what then? Will the patient at once feel comfortable, and as well able to work as in the corset? By no means. Simply to give the muscles freedom of action will not at once give them tone and vigor. They must have time and judicious care. The man who releases his arm from a long imprisonment does not expect at once to use it all day chopping wood. He begins the use of it gradually, being very careful not to over fatigue it. He, perhaps, has some one to exercise it for him, flexing it, straightening it, or rubbing it. The same plan of procedure is advisable in the case before us. The speediest and most comfortable way to dispense entirely with the corset would be to put the patient in bed for a week or so. During this time she should have massage treatment applied directly to the weakened muscles, that is, those muscles should be rubbed, pinched and thoroughly manipulated until the blood courses through every part of them with force and rapidity.

This passive exercise does not exhaust the nerve power of the patient, yet it builds up muscular tissue by increasing elimination of worn out material, and, consequently, creates a demand for new material to replace that which has been removed. Thus the muscles grow and regain strength. Electricity understandingly employed tends also to the same end. After a few days of this entirely passive exercise the patient should begin voluntary use of these muscles in light gymnastics. Then the remodelled style of dress could be worn a short time daily while she moved slowly about the room, being careful not to prolong her exercise to the point of fatigue.

It would be found necessary to remodel even the dresses, as, without doubt, they would be much too tight. Under the new *regime* the ribs would expand and the waist become larger. I have seen patients amazed at the change in figure made in six weeks of such treatment. They had "never laced," (of course not) and could not comprehend why the dresses they had worn with comfort should, after such a short liberation from corsets and snug dresses, have become uncomfortably tight. Increase of size of waist is inevitable under this treatment; but, so, also, is increase of health, strength and general comfort, beauty of figure, grace and elegance of carriage.—*Herald of Health.*

TOO NICE FOR COMFORT.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

Our drawing-rooms, once so stiff and sombre, are now changed as by magic, with graceful hangings, scarfs, banners, screens, panels and decorated china. The rich riot of color seems truly Oriental; the caller seats himself in an ample Turkish chair, and, leaning his head upon an exquisite tidy, feels that here is that dangerous spot where man is

"Carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease!"

But the hostess enters, the thrifty matron. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh dares rest upon her busy bones. She looks as if she never spent a second dreaming in one of her luxurious chairs! Despite her good breeding, it is plain that something annoys her; she glances anxiously beyond your head, and hastily invites you to another seat, "near the fire." You observe carelessly, "A most comfortable chair, and what a pretty tidy!"

Falling into your trap, the matron expatiates upon the tidy. "It cost dear Belinda three weeks' work." Then as you admire the robin's nest on velvet garnished with lace, your suspicions are fully justified when she says, "I think the world of this. Indeed, we only keep it to look at," returning it carefully to the plush chair. You flush to the very back of the head that dared rest upon a thing so sacred. Then, looking about, you observe that as was the tidy, so are most of the decorations in the room. That ottoman, covered with real lace and satin ribbon, who would dare rest a weary foot upon it? That sofa-pillow, shaped most alluringly for repose, who would venture a tired head upon such elegant fabric bound together by countless stitches of embroidery silk?

So it is all through the house. Out in the library is a table-desk, just the thing for a family to gather about on a winter's evening, with its drop-light, but even that has been made a household idol with a scarf that cost the ladies of the house infinite trouble and money; and although unique pen-holders, paper-cutters and fancy weights are arranged upon it, as if for convenience, it is all to look at—the elegant ink-stand is empty for fear of accident, and all writing must be done elsewhere.

The same obstacle to comfort is in every part of the house. The dining-room crumb cloth is so elegant that the mistress is constantly distressed lest a morsel fall upon it. Even the nursery is invaded by this law; the children's best toys are used for decoration, to give the room the semblance of luxurious playing!

A lady was admiring a French doll in one of these show-nurseries. "What wouldn't I have given for this when a child!" she said. "And a whole trunk full of clothes! What hours of fun these must bring!"

The small owner of so much, gazing mournfully at the Parisian belle, replied, "she isn't made to play with—she's my look-at dolly!"

My friend found that the doll was a type of the restrictions placed upon all the simple pleasures of childhood. Everything was too nice for every-day use. Her clothes were not to romp in; she wore silk and velvet to school, and fine shoes that she was daily admonished not to get scratched. Even the lawn about her father's house was too nice to step upon; a man was kept at work all summer trimming and raking it, until, instead of being something spontaneous and useful for children to sport upon, it was as nearly as possible like a vivid green carpet from the manufactory.

Sometimes the master of the house, coming home weary of business, longed for less luxury and more comfortable arrangements. If he ventured to rest in an easy-chair, he was gently but firmly dislodged by wife or daughters with—"O father, you'll spoil that," or "Father, that's for company!"

"I'd give more for mother's kitchen with its chintz-cushioned rocker, than for all the fancy fixings in this whole house!" he often said. "There isn't one spot of solid comfort in it!"

This only provoked that pitying, superior smile that women accord the masculine who cannot rise to their ideal. They could not see the pathos under his half-playful protest. Why shouldn't the gods they worshipped satisfy him? Well for them that the man loved home and instinctively turned to that when pressed with care, or else he might have drifted far away. Oh, blind wives and mothers who allow the love of beautifying, possibly the desire for display, to clash with the true object of home! Where are your boys to-night, mother, while you anxiously match the shades for that silken banner? Under whose banner are they enlisting?—*Watchman.*

SOME HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

BY KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

It is a very good use for the unworn borders of stair carpets to convert them into borders for rugs; but suppose one is not able, quite yet, to buy new stair carpets? A friend of ours, a thrifty New England housekeeper, has just solved this problem, and most successfully metamorphosed her stair carpet, the entire middle of which was badly worn, by buying half the length required for the whole flight, of the best ingrain, cutting it lengthwise through the middle, sewing two ends together, and hemming the raw edge. This just fitted, on between the borders, over the old carpet. The pattern of the ingrain was fine, "crinkly," not decided in color, and harmonized with the border. It was marvellous how well it looked, and the expense was trifling; for the very best quality of ingrain carpeting can now be bought for less than a dollar a yard, and is found in almost perfect imitation of Brussels patterns.

Stair carpet pads can be made of shrunken half-worn bed blankets, past using on beds. They should be covered with drilling, and will last a lifetime. They are a great saving on the wear of the carpets, as well as making them soft and agreeable to use.

There is nothing that freshens up a room carpet like sweeping it with coarse, wet cornmeal. No dust will arise to settle upon furniture and bric-a-brac; but it will be absorbed by the meal.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the comfort and luxury of bed linen. A wealthy lady of our acquaintance, a housekeeper, who had no limit to her spending said: "Linen for my beds I have never thought of; cotton is good enough for me"; but we could forego many other comforts for the sake of linen for our beds in summer. Good linen sheets will last for many years, and, when the middle becomes worn, the best part of each sheet will make a pair of pillow slips that will last for several summers. The parts much worn are rolled up and laid away in the "sick bag" to be readily found in emergencies, and utilized for compresses, bandages, poultices, and the various needs of sickness or accidents.

In buying table linen the finer, smaller the pattern, the longer it will last. When tablecloths are half worn, or past use as such, the best parts may be cut into table napkins, and, if neatly hemmed, few will notice that they are not of a regular pattern, or these pieces may be used to lay under boiled fish for serving; or they will be found very convenient for wrapping cake before putting away in a tin box.

Table-cloths wear much longer if a double-faced, thick canton flannel is first spread on the table. It smooths the edges, and is much softer and more agreeable than without it. Many consider it indispensable. *N. Y. Independent.*

HOW TO DRESS.

BY MARIANA M. BISBEE.

When you make your toilette, girls, whether for the breakfast table, the street, or the party, do it whole-heartedly and well as you would do any other duty, and then think no more about it. When you choose a new gown, choose carefully the colors most becoming to your complexion, and the patterns most suitable to your figure. We all like to see you looking pretty, and it would be as foolish for you not to make the most of your faces and figures as to neglect your studies, or your household duties, or your fine voice, which is being so carefully cultivated.

But what a mistake our girls are falling into, in thinking that their attractiveness is governed by the amount of money represented in their garments! It is not texture and fabric, half as much as harmony of color and careful fitting and draping that make you seem well-dressed. Where is the use in wearing silk and velvet nowadays when the kitchen-maid dresses as well as her mistress? Where is the use at any time unless they are more comfortable than cheaper fabrics? Are there not other uses to which you could put your money more advantageously than in trying to look just as everybody else does? Have you no simply dressed friends whom you love just as well as if their garments were far finer?

Fashion is so capricious now that it is difficult to wear out a really nice dress, and keep it in style. Four expensive dresses in a year are just three too many for actual service. For young girls, whether they will believe it or not, the simple costumes are the most pleasing, and jewellery, beyond some simple ring or pin, looks entirely out of place, as an excess of it looks anywhere. Do not follow any fashion to extremes, and have good sense and independence enough to reject any style which is unbecoming. At the same time, it is no mark of good sense to dress oddly to show contempt of style. Act on the good old couplet:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

That costume is nearest correct which, while not conspicuous, shows that its wearer possesses neatness, good taste and an artistic eye; and then bids you look to other sources to determine whether she is a person of poverty or wealth.—*Morning Star.*

USEFUL HINTS.

When white merino underclothes are past wearing, they may be cut into pieces of suitable size, and used for window-cleaning; first wet in warm water, in which a little washing soda is dissolved, and thereafter rubbing the glass with a soft, crushed newspaper; it will have the effect of silicon.

Excellent iron-holders are made of soft, old merino, as well as cast-off hosiery, but they should be covered with new drilling, to make them serviceable. Housekeepers need to provide all these homely necessities; by being careless and inconsiderate they often find themselves quite unable to furnish suitable materials to work with.

A bag of silk pieces, old and new, has been accumulating for several months; bits of ribbon, silk linings, odds and end left from the "crazy quilt," even the silk of a brown umbrella, every conceivable color and shade. These all may be cut into strips, half an inch wide, and sewed together at random, so as to color in one long piece, and wound, forming a large ball. This sewing can be done, either by hand or machine; in the latter case, cut the strips after sewing. Now cast from the silk forty stitches upon medium size tidy needles and knit, in loose, plain stitch, back and forth. The blending of colors will be found very pleasing, the work rapid and fascinating, and the result most satisfactory. The pieces can be knitted of any desired size, and be applied to numberless uses and ways of ornamenting. A friend has used long strips of this knitted material by alternating them with the same width of satin for window curtains, and they were beautiful. It also made a very handsome piano scarf, the ends finished with a heavy, mixed, silk fringe.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Family Circle.

SOME DAY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. EASTMAN,

Some day all doubt and mystery
Will be made clear;
The threatening clouds which now we see
Will disappear.

Some day what seems a punishment,
Or loss, or gain,
Will prove to be God's blessing sent
For very gain.

Some day our weary feet will rest
In sweet content,
And we will know how we were blest
By what was sent;

And looking back with clearer eyes
O'er life's short span,
Will see with wondering, glad surprise,
God's perfect plan:

And knowing that the path we went
Was God's own way,
Will understand his wise intent
Some day, some day.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

PRODIGALITY.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBER.

Ernest was crossing the bridge one Saturday afternoon. At the same time a gentleman mounted upon a fine black horse came rapidly upon the bridge from the opposite direction. A strong wind was blowing, which very unceremoniously lifted the light straw hat from the gentleman's head and wafted it away down stream, landing it, however, upon the shore behind him. Ernest began to run in pursuit of the hat, but paused in a moment as Dick, who was nearer the hat, being on that side of the bridge, called out in cheerful tones,

"Halloa, mister! Hold on and I'll get your hat."

Dick, who seldom failed in anything he undertook, soon recovered the hat and brought it in triumph to the owner, who had reined in his high-spirited horse, and awaited him upon the bridge. Dick seemed in great danger of losing a part, at least, of his own palm-leaf hat as he came upon the bridge facing the breeze, for the brim was so nearly torn off that it only hung to the body of the hat by a few frail shreds; and as the gentleman viewed Dick, with his flashing eyes, glowing cheeks, rags, and tatters, he said, while his hands sought his pocket,

"Thank you, my boy! Upon my word, you are a fine study for either a painter or a philanthropist!" So saying, he put a silver coin into Dick's hand and rode rapidly away.

"How much has he given you, Dick? How much? how much?" shouted the boys at the corner, all running together and crowding round their favorite and leader.

"A quarter!" cried Dick, showing the money. "No, 'tain't neither, boys. I declare, it's a half-dollar—a whole half-dollar, three cheers for a whole half-dollar!" and Dick, wild with delight, plucked at his dilapidated hat to aid in giving the cheers. Alas! the two departments of the concern, which barely hung together before, now parted company entirely, leaving the hat proper sticking fast to its owner's curly head, and the brim, its broken straws bristling savagely in Dick's excited grasp.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" shouted he, brandishing the hat-rim high in the air, undaunted by peals of laughter from the bystanders. "Hurrah for a whole half-dollar! Now I'm rich enough to treat you all Come, Ernest, you shall go too, though you did refuse to go with us to-day, for you're a good fellow, after all, come!" Ernest, who was quietly walking home upon the sidewalk, answered cheerfully,

"No, thank you, Dick. A good supper at home is the best 'treat.' Come now, Dick, don't waste your precious half-dollar at that store. Come down here with me to Nelson's and get a new hat; they have some nice straw hats for fifty cents."

"Hurrah, boys! isn't that a good one?" shouted merry Dick, again brandishing the hat-brim. "Just as if my hat wasn't a perfect beauty," taking off the hat proper, holding it up to be admired, and then putting it back upon his head with an emphatic thump upon the top. "We'll have something to eat better than straw out of our fifty cents, boys, won't we though?"

So while Ernest walked quietly home, the troop of boys went to the corner store, where Dick treated them to candy and nuts; and while they were busy eating he slipped into the back store and with the remaining pence bought for himself a glass of beer.

"Ah!" say some of my bright young readers, "intemperance is the subject of this chapter!"

No, my boys; I did not mean to write about that now, but about something that is pretty sure to lead to it, and that is prodigality. Is prodigality a word which some of you hardly understand? Then I must tell you that it means waste, especially the waste of money; and that is a lesson which is speedily learned in these street schools. Show me a boy who has kept twenty-five cents of his own in his pocket a month, reserved for some good use, to buy a new book or garment, a present for a friend, to send books, bread, or clothing to the destitute, or to add to his own little fund in the savings bank, invested to insure the means of education or a start in business, and he will be a boy who does not attend Satan's schools and who is likely to prosper. On the other hand, a boy in whose pocket a penny burns until it is spent for candy, cake, or peanuts is the one whose money is likely soon to go for tobacco and strong drink, and who is surely on the straight road to poverty, be his father ever so wealthy.

Shall I tell you about a prodigal I once knew? His father was rich and honored; the son's prodigality was deemed no unpardonable sin. As a boy he made a great show of spending lavishly and, as he falsely called it, generously all the money he could get. He acted, on a large scale, very much as Dick did with his half-dollar. As he grew up he was called by careless observers a good-natured, whole hearted, liberal fellow; rather wasteful, to be sure; wild, too, and fond of a high time, but likely to sober down into a worthy and generous manhood when he had "sown his wild oats" and become settled in life. So thought pretty Rose, the refined, cultured, and cherished one who consented to become his bride. Woe to her that she did not remember what a bitter harvest springs from the sowing of wild oats! She died young of a broken heart, and their only son and only daughter were soon laid beside her. When in my schooldays I went botanizing I used to pause by their family burying-place, long since passed into the hands of strangers, and sadly read the inscriptions on the tasteful marble monuments of the mother and children. The husband and father I knew then, for he lived in our village, a destitute, vicious, and prematurely old man, boarding himself in a miserable room over a grocery. The last relic of his liberal prodigality was displayed in keeping a lean old horse, hungry like himself, which he always lent, gracefully declining compensation, to any of the boys or girls who coaxed him. At last the horse died a very natural death and his master seemed in a fair way to follow him. Sometimes the man went hungry, sometimes he walked into our houses at meal-times, thus silently begging an invitation to eat with the family, and sometimes he was fed with the baskets of cold provisions which charity often set in the entry beside his door. But his constitution was broken by vice, and the miserable sufferer was soon carried to the poorhouse, where he used to console himself with the remark, "The town owes me a living; I've given away enough in my better days to support me to a good old age." Had his money been wisely given for the public good his consolation might have been well-founded. But, alas! there was no one to say, "Your lavished wealth has blessed me!" So, at last, after lingering years of misery, he died a pauper's death, and, how much worse, the death of a hardened sinner! His last breath was a curse. By sufferance of the owner of the land they made his grave beside the graves of his wife and children, but no stone will ever mark it. This sad story is literally true. Another, as true and of the same nature, comes to my mind, which is quite as sad, only—. But I will tell you.

John Hendrick was prodigal, and had a right to be, if culture, wealth, social standing, and a long line of honored ancestry could make that right which is always wrong. Laughably prodigal as a boy, he became foolishly prodigal as a man. How loftily he left his change upon the counter, how wantonly he sunk his silver dollars in the water, skipping them for sport as others did stones upon the surface of the river! How recklessly he bought and sold elegant equipages, how lavishly expended in all directions, without a thought of incomes! By-and-by friends warned him that even his estate would never bear it. He only laughed in derision. Was he not Judge Hendrick's grandson? Were not his estate and reputation inexhaustible? But one day he opened his eyes to the fact that he had spent his last dollar. His wife had property which he had never touched; that went next. By that time the generous man was desperate; he must have money to waste. He managed to get his sister's estate into his hands, and that also vanished. The wife is dead now; the brother and sister live. He has repented towards God and man, but even the mercy of God cannot avert in this life the natural consequences of his sin. A few years ago they were supported by an allowance from a distant relative. It became insufficient to pay the board of both, and the brother, too feeble to earn anything, and deeply sensible of the injustice he had done his now aged sister, divided to her nearly all the allowance, and moving into that same miserable room over the store, slept upon the floor and ate oftentimes the bread of charity.—*From "Dick Langdon's Career."*

A FRIEND TO THE POOR BEASTS.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

One sign of having a kind heart, is to be kind to poor animals. Henry Erskine, the great Scottish lawyer, once spoke of beasts as "the mute creation." He said that, rather than "brute creation," thinking that as they could not speak or make complaints, we should be all the more kind to them. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," not only because if he is kind every other way, he will be kind to animals too—but his kindness to beasts will help to make him kind all round.

Henry Bergh is of German ancestry. His father, Christian Bergh, was an extensive ship-builder. He died in 1854, leaving three children, of whom Henry was one. Henry inherited some wealth from his father and studied for some time in Columbia College, New York. In 1862, he went to Russia as secretary of the American Legation. But two years after, after visiting the East, he resigned his post on account of weak health, and resolved to devote his time to the interests of dumb animals. It would be a long story to tell of all that Mr. Bergh and the "Society" have done for animals. His very name, though often in the mouth of the vicious and profane, is a power for good. Just as Livingstone testified that in the centre of Africa, where a white man has never yet penetrated, poor slaves, torn from their homes, or writhing under tortures, would cry, "Oh, when will the English come!" so many a poor beast has waited, and not altogether in vain, for Henry Bergh to take his part. He often lectures on the subject, and it is very curious how many very well-disposed people only need a little reminding and enlightening to see many things that they could do better in the way of treating animals. I saw a man last spring ploughing with a pair of horses, and their heads were "gagged up" with bearing-reins like as we see carriage horses on the road. Now that was cruelty, yet the man did not seem to know it. Let any man try to pull a load without bending forward, and he will soon begin to see that a horse needs to bend forward, using his forelegs as a pivot, before he can properly move his load. If he cannot thus lean forward, then all the strain comes on the muscles and tendons of his hind legs, to the pain and discomfort, and ultimate lameness and "blemish" of the horse.

Mr. Bergh keeps an office in New York; and a great many hundred times in a year complaints and requests are handed in there, and investigated and attended to. And a great many brutal and cruel men wish Henry Bergh was dead and his "Society" extinguished, and that "people would mind their own business!" But God "who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God," does not think so. And good men do not think so. Such men as John Dougall of the *Witness*, who once said to me, "Whenever a question comes up that has a right side and a wrong side to it, we always take what we believe to be the right side, let the consequences be what they may!" And this seems to be Henry Bergh's principle.

There is a great deal in persistence. Look at a stone-mason cruising round a boulder, to see how best he can split it. He examines the grain of the stone, and the direction of the strata, and then comes with a succession of smart clips right on the same spot, till at last the stone falls open in two! Just so, God's word is "the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces;" not generally with one blow, but by many in succession. The conscience becomes so sore with repeated blows on the same spot, that the will, the heart, give way! And so in leavening society with right principles. Our grandfathers captured slaves, and our fathers made and sold rum, and now we see that both these things are terrible curses and wrong. But we wouldn't have thought so, if somebody hadn't begun to say so! And those who first began to say so were spoken against by many good people (but blind) as fools and fanatics. "Stand firm!" says Carlyle, "stand but still; and the world will come round to you!" So Henry Bergh is leavening society. We notice it in two directions. One is the acceptance of his doctrine that kindness to animals is duty to God; and that it helps all other human virtues. The clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States are now enjoined by their canons or rules to preach, at least once a year, on kindness and cruelty to animals. And one reason for this is, that kindness to animals leads to kindness of heart in every other direction. And the other side of the question is just as true. Nero, who tortured flies, found no difficulty when he grew up in murdering and torturing men. And being cruel to an animal makes a man cruel all over! And Satan knows it!

One thing leads to another, whether in an upward course or a downward one. And in the direction of progress in good, Mr. Bergh is also leavening society. In 1874, Mr. Bergh rescued two poor little girls from terrible and inhuman treatment; and it set him thinking whether he should spend all his time to befriend animals, when there were so many wrongs to be righted among human beings. So it led to his founding a society for "Prevention of Cruelty to Children." And this society, like the other, gives an opportunity for all good people to co-operate—whether by getting and distributing circulars and information, contributing money or leaving legacies, forming branch societies, giving suggestions, obtaining lectures and various other ways—with those at the helm of this good work. May God bless all such men, and all such work!—*Church and Home, Chicago.*

"WE WERE EXPECTING YOU."

It was a desolate scene that met the eye of a missionary as one cold morning of February he entered a room in a New York tenement house. In a fireplace, bending over some expiring embers, were two aged women with not a mouthful of food at hand and not knowing where they could obtain any. Yet, though ready to starve and freeze, they were not in despair. Even a serene smile lighted up their wan features. The soul-home was evidently the abode of peace and love and heavenly hope. In reply to inquiries they spoke of the felt presence of Jesus and how they had been talking over their circumstances with Him and had been comforted. "We were expecting you," they said, "or some one of His servants to bring the needed help."

"Yesterday morning," added one of them, "I had only enough in the house for one meal, and it seemed best to save that till noon, but I could not deny myself my meeting, and so I managed to reach church; and I was so fed there with the heavenly manna that I scarcely felt the need of food for the body and I saved my dinner till evening; and in the afternoon I was so 'satisfied as with marrow and fatness' that I could have gone contentedly without my supper."

That home of penury was indeed a palace of God, "the gate of heaven." To these saints, as to those in Smyrna, the Lord Jesus might say, "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich." They were "rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom."—*American Messenger.*

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

THE REIGN OF FIRE.

You remember, I hope, that besides the water and the air that helped to fashion our beautiful earth out of the globe of rock covered by a heated ocean which existed in the past, another force has been mentioned—fire. Fire is still working day and night in changing the world, but it is mostly underground.

Fig. 1.
(From Hooker's "Geology.")

Air and water are as much levellers as they are builders. If only these two forces had been at work, the mountains would gradually have been brought low, and the valleys exalted, till finally every rock and island would have been worn down and buried in the depths of the sea. The world would have returned to the condition it had been in thousands of years before, only it would be cooler.

But many forces were there to upset all this gradual change. They were never at rest. Again and again the sea bottom was lifted up, and became dry land, and the waters gathered together in new hollows.

Miners who go down into the earth for coal and iron find, after a certain distance, that it grows steadily warmer and warmer as they descend. If the heat of the earth goes on increasing at this rate, at thirty miles below the surface of the earth the heat would be so intense as to melt even iron or stone. As a matter of fact, things melt a great deal more easily when they are open to the air than when they are under pressure. Down deep in the earth the pressure of the rocks above is tremendous, and this gets heavier the deeper it is. So there is a battle between the heat and the pressure down deep in the earth, and whether the rocks there are melted or solid depends on which is the stronger. Some people think that all but a thin shell over the outside of the world is red-hot liquid; others think it is hot enough to be liquid, but that the pressure keeps it solid. However this may be, whenever, from any cause, the pressure is sufficiently lightened, the melted stone and cinders and steam come rushing out. Volcanoes are the chimneys by which they escape.

The cool crust of the earth is a great deal thinner in proportion to the rest of the globe than an egg-shell is to the egg. In old geologic times the shell was thinner even than it is now. The fires then worked wonderful changes, the same in kind as they are working now, but much greater. The earth's crust—made of many layers of different kinds deposited by the water—was crumpled and torn and twisted in a most remarkable way.

The struggles of the internal fires often produce a sound and shaking—an earthquake. Suppose you were to lower a can of powder (sealed up tight, and so arranged, that it would go off in half an hour) into a pond. When the powder took fire it would

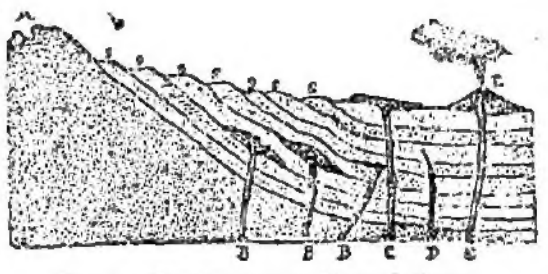
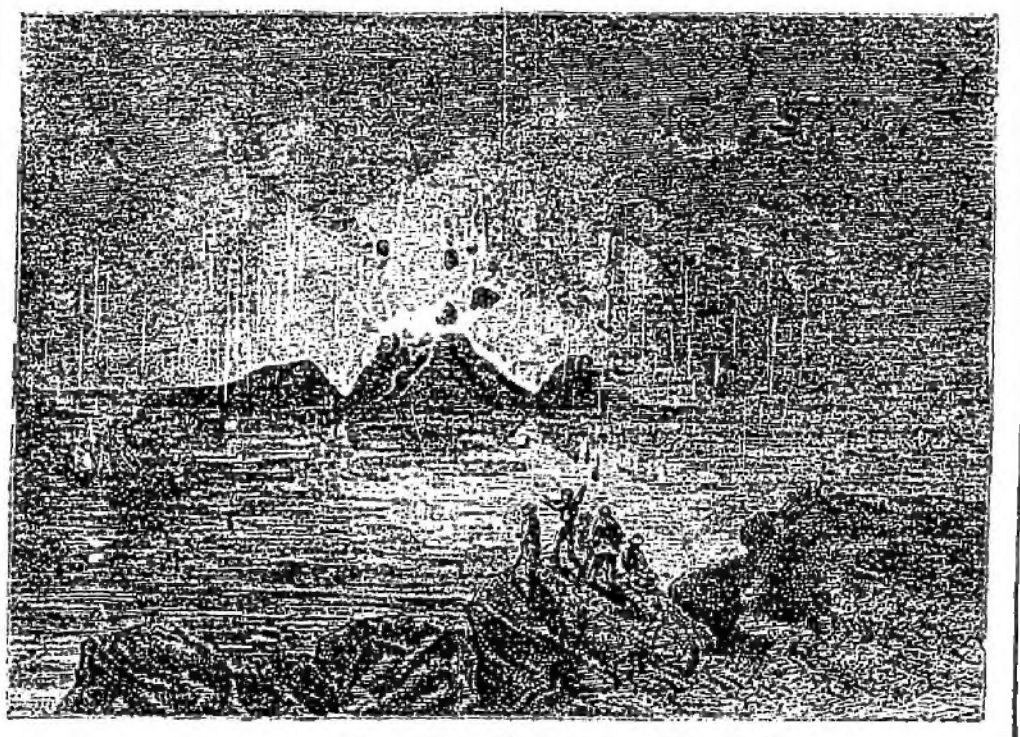


Fig. 2.—Section of the Earth's Crust.

explode, and as soon as the commotion reached the top of the water, a wave would spread out from the point above the explosion. An earthquake is such an explosion, only it is underground; the earth is thrown into waves, but instead of rocking and moving off as the water does, the ground, being solid, is torn and broken, and if the shock is severe, houses are thrown down and people destroyed. Sometimes things are thrown straight up into the air by an earthquake shock; at other times they are shaken backward and forward till they fall in ruins. The movement of the earth during a shock is at times a curious twisting motion, which has been known to turn pieces of furniture so that their faces were to the wall. Rows of trees have been found all twisted out of line, though still growing, after such a shock. We are apt to think of earthquakes as being very rare, and so they are with us; but in hot countries they are so common that it is probable that some part of the earth is quaking all the time.

Sometimes, when the shock is not very severe, the earth cracks underneath, but the cracks do not quite come through. The melted stone then pours up and fills the cracks (Fig. 1), and hardens there. The intense heat of the melted stone often changes the rock through which it flows. Limestone, which is a rather soft stone made up largely of shells, is turned into marble in this way. Marble, then, is merely "cooked" limestone.

In Fig 2 you see a cut through a part of the earth's surface. At first, underneath all, was the melted stone; over this formed the layered rocks. Then the melted stone rose up, lifting the layers S S as it rose. As time went on, the air and water washed the layers from the top of the mountain, leaving it bare (A). After a while an earthquake cracked the earth, and more melted rock poured up. At B the cracks only reached part of the way up, and the lava, after rising to the top of the crack, spread out between two layers. At C it reached the top and flowed over the ground, making a solid slab of volcanic rock on top of the layered rock. At E the lava came out with such a rush that it built up a little volcano there.



SANTORIN.—*(From Winchell's "Sketches of Creation."*

Very often, when one stone is melted in this way, the crystals of another kind of mineral are enclosed in it. (Fig. 3.) Here is another curious stone made by the fire. The lava cooled full of bubbles, and with these holes another mineral collected and hardened, as plaster of Paris fills a mould into which it is poured. The moulds were made by fire, though it was a dissolved and not a melted mineral which filled them. (Fig. 4.)

A volcano, you know, is a mountain that sends out burning gases and lava and cinders. It is usually a high peak with a cup-like depression in the top, called a crater. The volcanoes of the world are found almost always near the sea, and nearly three-quarters of them are situated upon islands.

If you have a globe—or if you have not, a map of the world—put your finger on Terra del Fuego (the land of fire), at the very southern part of South America, then run it along the western coast of the two continents—the Andes and the Rocky Mountains being your guide—till you get to Alaska, where Asia and America almost touch; pass over to the Aleutian Islands and down by way of islands across the Indian and Pacific oceans back to Terra del Fuego again. Your finger will have passed over most of the large volcanoes in the world. It is as if the earth's crust were cracked all around in this irregular line, that the mountain chains were the raised edges of this crack, and that the crack gave way every now and then, and through the broken places melted stone and gas and flames rushed out.

Some of the grandest volcanoes in the world are in the Pacific islands. One of the Sandwich Islands is nothing but an immense volcano with three craters. The island has been built up by the outpouring of lava, which gradually lifted it, craters and all, out of the sea. One of these craters, Mount Kilauea, is an immense wide pit, large enough to hold a city. The rocky plain at the bottom of the pit, when there is an eruption, breaks up and fills with lava. It is a wonderful sight to see these great lakes of red hot melted stone boiling and bubbling like a great pot of boiling water, and the red-hot waves beating against the rocky shore, and spurting fountains of fire rising up here and there. In one eruption the weight of the lava was so great that it broke through the side of the crater, and ran, down a river of living fire, to the sea. When it met the water, great clouds of hissing steam spouted up, carrying the cooled and shattered lava with it.

The lava in Kilauea is often like clear glass, and when the bubbles burst in the boiling lake it is drawn out into fine spun glass, which the wind collects in sheltered spots. The Sandwich-Islanders used to call it Pele's hair, because they believed their goddess Pele lived under the crater, and caused its eruptions. Since I wrote these words a curious thing has happened to Kilauea: the bottom has tumbled out of the crater. The boiling, fiery lakes and fountains suddenly sunk in, and left it a great dark abyss.

In the sea near the coast of Greece, more than 2,000 years ago, the crater of a great volcano was lifted out of the water. It made a sort of horseshoe island, part of the rim having been broken away. This island is called Santorin. In the curve of the bay enclosed by the horseshoe several volcanoes have burst up since, and are still sending out steam and vapor. The water around them is hot, and is colored orange by the iron and other things thrown out by the volcanoes.

The volcanoes in Europe, such as Etna and Vesuvius, are different from Kilauea. Before an eruption loud noises are heard, an earthquake shakes the ground, and then comes a sudden outpouring of lava and cinders and smoke. In one of these eruptions, soon after the time of Christ, two cities were buried by an overflow, one of mud and the other of cinders. A little more than a hundred years ago, in digging a well in a town that had grown up over the old one, the city was discovered. Imagine what a wonderful thing it must have been to walk those deserted streets, sealed up for nearly two thousand years, and find the houses, the baths, the libraries, almost uninjured! These buried cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were destroyed (as was thought until their re-discovery, about the middle of the eighteenth century) in the year 79. Some day you will read about them in Bulwer-Lytton's fascinating romance "The Last Days of Pompeii."

In Mexico, in a peaceful district where there were fine cotton plantations, a hundred and thirty years ago lived a rich planter quietly cultivating his crops. Suddenly one day loud and terrible noises were heard underground, earthquake shocks were felt. This went on for two months, and then all quieted down. After a few weeks of quiet the noises began again, the ground for about four miles swelled up in a great bladder 500 feet high, which rose and fell, till finally a yawning gulf opened. Two rivers which before had flowed peacefully through the country plunged into this opening and were lost. Thousands of little mud volcanoes burst up all over the plain, an immense crater opened, and poured out such quantities of red-hot stones and ashes that it built up a range of six mountains. One of these is a volcano, called Jorulla, which has been active ever since.—*Harper's Young People.*

Fig. 3.
(From Lyell's "Geology.")

THE DIME NOVEL CURSE.

The ancient fable tells of one who sowed dragon's teeth, which sprang up armed men. A good many publishers are scattering similar seed.

The St. Louis *Christian Evangelist* says: "A few days ago occurred a scene in this city that teaches the danger of a certain class of literature in the hands of the young. Two boys, about fifteen years of age, well fed on dime novels, mysteriously disappeared from their homes about a month ago. They first, however, as the sequel shows, provided themselves with revolvers, and filled their pockets from their fathers' money drawers, one of them taking some blank checks, and attempting to increase their funds by forgery. Then they skipped out, and their whereabouts was unknown until one day last week their return was made known by one of them killing the other in one of the hotels in this city."

Thus ends the chapter. There is nothing original in this occurrence; it is an old story, often repeated; but should refresh the minds of parents with the fact that the moment they permit bad literature to come into the house they put their children in the school of crime, and the day of terrible fate will come. And if they would save their children from bad reading, let them provide wholesome books and papers, and help to cultivate pure literary tastes, and pure and lofty aspirations will be implanted in the hearts of our young men and women.

Do you know what your children are reading?

NINETY BARRELS A DAY.

There is a distillery in Massachusetts, "*the largest rum distillery in the world,*" so says an eye-witness to the following account, and "*the amount manufactured* averages ninety barrels a day, some for home consumption, *but the greater part for* export to the coast of Africa. The barrels contain forty-three gallons, and the internal revenue tax is ninety cents per gallon—thirty-eight dollars and seventy cents a barrel. For ninety barrels, a day's work, the treasury of the United States is enriched $3,483, minus the cost of the services of revenue watchmen. That the government shall not be defrauded a farthing of the ungodly gain, or one drop of the fire-water may not be lost, government padlocks are placed upon the rum reservoirs, guarded and opened daily for measurement, by internal revenue officers." Ninety barrels a day! Can any one follow one day's proceeds of this infamous business, and trace its awful curse trailing over the homes of men? Go where it will, it goes as a curse. And the nation's revenue stamp is but the stain of blood money.—*W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

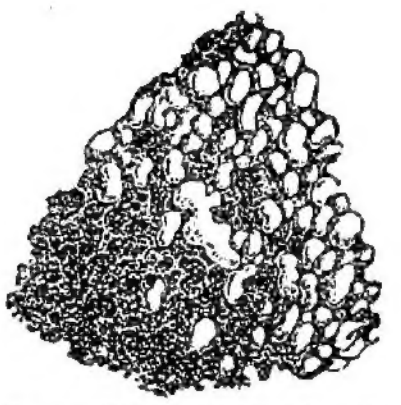


Fig. 4.—*(From Lyell's "Geology.")*

OUR DEAR BARBARA.

(From Home Heroes)

(Continued.)

Barbara made a motion to rise from her chair.

"Barbie can't go to-day," said Mrs. Grayson, speaking in a tone of voice that meant quite as much as her words.

"Not if I say so?" interrogated Mrs. Miller.

"Not even if you say so!" said Mrs. Grayson. She smiled, in order not to arouse the woman's temper.

"She's my girl; not yours," said Mrs. Miller.

"Sickness has made her mine until she is well enough to be moved with safety," was replied. "And I must insist upon the right which I possess."

"When do you think she will be well enough to go?"

"In two or three days, I hope."

"Say in three days?"

"Yes."

"Very well, ma'am. Send her home on Saturday."

"You'd better call on that day," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I shall be very busy on Saturday. Can you send her?"

"I would prefer to have you call," replied Mrs. Grayson.

"I'll be here, ma'am," said the woman, rising. "And see here, Barbie," addressing the little girl, in a severe tone, "don't let there be any shamming on Saturday. I shall be here for you bright and early."

During the next two days Barbara gained strength slowly, and on Friday was able to go downstairs and about the house. The children were delighted at this, and kept with her all day. Mrs. Grayson observed her closely, and was surprised to see her so cheerful, and so interested in all that pleased Jennie and Katie. She was very quiet in her manner, and from a certain drooping of her eyes when not doing or saying anything, it was plain that she was not insensible to the great change that awaited her on the morrow.

Saturday came, and Barbara got up early, though still weak from her recent sickness. When Mrs. Grayson came downstairs, she found her all ready to go with Mrs. Miller, now momentarily expected.

"And so you are going to leave us, Barbie?" said the lady, looking at her kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Barbara, with a faltering voice.

"We don't want you to go, Barbie."

"Thank you, ma'am." Barbara looked grateful. "But I'm bound to Mrs. Miller, and she says I can't leave her."

"Barbie!"

"Ma'am!"

"Mrs. Miller has no right to keep you. You can leave her if you wish to do so."

But the little girl shook her head, and answered, "I'm bound to her, you know, ma'am."

"Only by a promise which she forced you to make. You can stay here and become nurse to the children, and Mrs. Miller can't help it."

"I promised on the Bible," said Barbara, with great seriousness; "and that makes me bound."

Mrs. Grayson did not think it right to press the matter further. A child's conscience is a tender thing, and already she had severely tested Barbara's sense of duty.

Mrs. Miller had promised to call early, and she was as good as her word. In this pause she came in. Barbara turned to Mrs. Grayson, looked up thankfully—even with love in her homely face. She did not speak. Her heart was too full. Mrs. Grayson took her hand and held it.

"Mrs. Miller, you've come for Barbie?" said Mrs. Grayson.

"Yes, ma'am. I said I'd be early. Come, Barbie."

Barbie tried hard to disengage her hand from that of Mrs. Grayson. But the latter did not relax her hold.

"I think, Mrs. Miller, you'd better let Barbara remain with me. She is not quite well and strong yet, and may become ill on your hands."

"Never you fear about that, ma'am. She is not going to get unwell. Come, Barbie, I'm in a hurry!"

"Barbie," said Mrs Grayson, "go upstairs for a little while. I will call you when we want you."

Barbara hesitated, and looked at Mrs. Miller.

"Jane, take her upstairs."

The cook had Barbara out of the room in a twinkling.

Mrs. Grayson now fixed her eyes on Mrs. Miller very steadily for some moments without speaking a word.

"I don't understand this, ma'am," said the latter, sharply.

"I wish to say a word or two about Barbie that may as well not be said in her presence," replied Mrs. Grayson. "Taking the condition in which I found her a few weeks ago as the result of your way of treating the poor child, I cannot see that it will be right for me to let her go back into the cruel bondage from which sickness has now released her."

Mrs. Miller's grey eyes flashed, while her cold, wrinkled face grew dark with anger.

"She's bound to me, and I'll have her, dead or alive!" she said, fiercely.

"Bound only by a promise which you extorted from her by threats, and which you wickedly made her confirm by laying her hand upon the Bible."

Mrs. Grayson spoke with severity.

"Who says so?" demanded the woman, confronting Mrs. Grayson with something of menace in her attitude.

"One who will not lie," said Mrs. Grayson, steadily and bravely returning the almost threatening gaze that was fixed upon her. "But we will not bandy fruitless words. Barbie is not going back, Mrs. Miller. Even if she were bound by law, I would be a witness against you on the charge of cruel treatment, and have the indenture broken. And now, I make you this simple proposition. In order to set the child's mind at rest, I will buy from you her services, on condition that you release her from the promises extorted by threats two years ago."

"What will you pay me?" demanded the woman.

Mrs. Grayson drew out her purse, and taking from it two sovereigns held them up between her fingers, saying, "That."

The woman shook her head.

"Very well. That or nothing." Mrs. Grayson dropped the sovereigns back into her purse, and made a movement as if she were about to leave the kitchen.

"I want my girl!" said Mrs. Miller, almost savagely.

"Barbie will never go back to your house!" There was a resoluteness in Mrs. Grayson's voice and manner which left no doubt as to her being in earnest. "Your cruel abuse has cancelled all right to service from her. I have offered you two pounds as an inducement to release her from a promise she gave you under compulsion two years ago. If you receive the money, well—so much gain to you; if not, I will take measures to set her free."

"If I must, I must," said the woman, doggedly, at last. "Give me the money."

"Jane." Mrs. Grayson spoke to the cook, who had returned. "Bring Barbie here."

The little girl came in with Jane, looking paler, and showing plainly the signs of a strong mental conflict. It was clear that habitual self-control was giving way.

"Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, "you are not going back to Mrs. Miller's. She gives you up to me."

There was no start, nor sudden lighting up of her face, nor marked expression of joy.

"Is it so, Mrs. Miller?" queried the lady.

"Yes," growled rather than spoke the woman.

Barbie sat down without speaking, covered her face with her hands, and remained as still as a statue.

"There." Mrs. Grayson held out the glittering coins. The woman seized them, and without a word left the house.

"Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly.

But Barbie did not stir.

"Barbie!"

No response or movement.

"See, Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, in an excited tone.

The cook sprang forward, and was just in time to catch Barbie as she fell from the chair on which she was sitting.

Long repressed excitement, followed by a sudden reaction, had proved too much for the feeble child, not yet recovered from a prostrating sickness. She had fainted.

"Is it really true, ma'am," asked Barbara, looking up at Mrs. Grayson, half an hour afterward, from the bed where they had laid her, "that I am going to live with you? Or was I only in a dream?"

"It is true, Barbie. Mrs. Miller has given you up to me."

The child continued to look at Mrs. Grayson for some moments, with an expression of love and reverence on her face, as one might look at an angel. Then she kissed her hand, and turned away to hide the signs of feeling which she could not control.

Here is the story of "little Barbie's" introduction to this lady's family, where she had been living for ten years when the reader was introduced to her as a "queer little body," looking for all the world as if "modelled from one of Punch's caricatures."

Mrs. Grayson, with all her good sense and good feeling, had a vein of ambition as well as pride in her mental constitution, and these drew her into fashionable life, and inspired her with social emulations. As Barbara gained in years, strength, and intelligence, her position in the household of Mrs. Grayson, as nurse to her children became one of the highest responsibility. Her pure, deep love for those little olive-plants, and her innate sense of right and duty, caused her, after the first strong emotions of gratitude began to subside, to give up her life to their good, the mother's fondness for society took away largely from the interest in her children, and left them for the most part with Barbara, and subject to her influence. Homely as she was, to the verge of caricature, awkward in her movements, and with something that struck you on the first glance as ludicrous in her whole appearance and manner, these children had a respect and an affection for her which gilded over what was plain, even to repulsion, in the eyes of strangers, and made her seem to them almost beautiful.

Mrs. Grayson meant all that her words implied, when she said, "I don't know what we should do without her." And yet, with all her native kindness of heart and high estimate of Barbara's qualities, she was proving in her way, almost as hard upon her as Mrs. Miller had been. Not cruel, exacting, unkind, and brutal, like the latter—compelling exhaustive labor by force of punishments—but so neglecting her own duties as to let more than a double share fall upon Barbara. In sickness and in health, this patient, loving, earnest girl was the untiring nurse of the children—six in number at the time she first passed under the reader's notice. What would the dear children, who so loved and depended on her, do, if she were away taking rest or seeking pleasure? No, no; there were no half-days nor holidays for Barbie. The mother could make her daily round of calls, and have her daily ride for health and mental recreation, and the mother could spend evening after evening at parties, but Barbie the nurse must never leave her precious charge. The mother could forget her sick child in the attractions of public and social life; but the patient, loving, devoted conscientious nurse never for a single instant of time!

(To be Continued.)

"YOU'D BETTER LET BARBARA REMAIN WITH ME."

OUR DEAR BARBARA.

(From Home Heroes.)

(Continued.)

No wonder that Mrs. Grayson said, "I don't know what we should do without Barbie."

But human flesh is not imperishable. The nerves and muscles are not wrought of iron. You may tax the mind and body too far. The student, enamored of his books; the artist, seeking to throw upon canvas or cut in marble the beautiful ideas that charm his imagination; the sterner mathematician, bending all the powers of his mind to the elucidation of propositions and theories; the ascetic, seeking the way to heaven through a denial of nature's legitimate wants—these, and other devotees, may destroy themselves, as to natural life, through a neglect of its orderly demands, and thus become, in the eyes of the world, martyrs to art, science, or religion. And so may the humble nurse—thinking only of the children who need her care—waste her strength, and become a martyr to her undying love. But she will not get into the calendar of saints, for her life is hidden from public view. There is nothing about her that the world recognizes as heroic, though such humble, faithful service is not unregarded on high.

So wasted the vital powers of "little Barbie," under the exhausting, never-ceasing duties that fell to her lot. You rarely saw her without a baby in her arms; and few nights of unbroken sleep blessed her weary eyelids. If the child were sick, fretful, or restless, it was Barbie, not the mother, who sat up through the dreary hours; and none thought to relieve her from duty on the next day, that nature might have a chance to win back her departed strength. She never complained, never spoke of weariness, never told of the hundreds and hundreds of wakeful hours she passed, while all the household, except some sick or fretful little one, was sleeping.

"Have you noticed Barbie's cough?" said the family physician one day to Mrs. Grayson.

"Not particularly. She has a slight cold, I believe," replied Mrs. Grayson. Then observing that the doctor looked serious, she added—

"Why did you ask? Is there anything peculiar in her cough?"

"Yes; it isn't a common cough. You'd better see that she doesn't expose herself."

"I thought she'd only taken a little cold," remarked Mrs. Grayson. "She's often up at nights with the children. Do you think she requires medicine doctor?"

"It is always best to take things in time," the doctor replied.

"Shall I send for her?"

"Yes; I think it will be well for me to ask her a few questions."

So Barbie was sent for. She came down from the nursery with a great chubby baby in her arms, and two little ones holding to her dress.

"Barbie," said the lady, "the doctor wants to ask you about your cough."

"Me! My cough?"

She spoke in evident surprise.

"Yes, Barbie," said the doctor, kindly; "I noticed to-day that you coughed frequently, and I thought I would ask you about it before I went away."

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Barbara; "nothing at all; only a little tightness here"—laying her hand across her breast.

"How long has it been troubling you?"

"I've had it a good while."

"And it grows worse?"

"Not much."

"Have you a pain in your breast or side?"

"Yes, sir; always a little in my right side; but I don't mind it."

"How do you sleep?"

"Sound enough, when I once lose myself."

"How soon do you get to sleep?"

"Never much before one or two o'clock."

"How comes that, Barbie?" queried the doctor.

"Willie frets a great deal in the first part of the night, and I have to be up and down with him.

"But you sleep soundly after that?"

"Yes, sir; until about five o'clock, when little Georgie wakes."

"And you get up then?"

"Not always. I can generally manage to keep him in bed. But the dear little fellow is fast asleep by seven o'clock in the evening, and it's no wonder he's awake bright and early. I often feel condemned because I don't get up with him; but I wake in such a sweat, and feel so weak, that I can't always force myself."

"Wake in a sweat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always?"

"Always, now."

"You never told me this, Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, in some astonishment.

"I never thought of telling you, ma'am. It isn't anything to complain of," replied Barbara.

"How long have you had these night-sweats?" asked the doctor.

"For two or three months."

"That will do, Barbie," said he, in a kind tone of voice. "I will send you some medicines. This cough and these night-sweats must be broken."

The doctor and Mrs. Grayson looked at each other in silence, while Barbie retired from the room.

"I am taken by surprise," said Mrs. Grayson, seriously.

"Rather a bad state of things, madam," responded the doctor, with gravity. "That girl must be looked to, or she will slip away from you one of these fine days in a twinkling."

"Not so bad as that, doctor!"

"Yes, just as bad as that; so you'd better look to it that she doesn't lose quite so much rest. Nature won't bear up under the exhausting demands to which it has been subjected."

Mrs. Grayson said that she would make some different disposition of things in order to give Barbie more time for sleep, and at the time fully meant what she said. And the doctor went away, promising to send a package of medicine.

A new prima donna, with an unpronounceable name, was advertised to appear in "Il Trovatore" on that very evening, and Mrs. Grayson was going to the opera. And so, naturally enough—or, we might say, unnaturally enough—she forgot, in thoughts of her own pleasure, the pressing needs of her patient, self-denying nurse. No different disposition of things, as promised, was made, by which Barbie could get a few hours of refreshing sleep during the first part of the night. Not even a thought of her humble dependent found its way into Mrs. Grayson's mind until, on going to her chamber, between one and two o'clock in the morning, she heard Willie's fretful cries in the nursery, with interludes of coughing from Barbie.

"There!" she said to herself, reproachfully, "if I haven't forgotten that girl! I meant to have made some arrangement by which she could get more sleep. I must see to this without fail to-morrow."

Quieting conscience with this good resolution, Mrs. Grayson retired, and soon lapsed into slumber, though Willie fretted on and Barbie coughed for an hour longer.

Attention having been called to Barbie with so much seriousness by the doctor, Mrs. Grayson observed her closely on the next morning, and saw, with concern, what she might have seen at any time within the last three months, if she had looked carefully, that her face was pale, her eyes dull, and her whole appearance that of languor and exhaustion.

"How do you feel, Barbie?" she asked.

"Very well, ma'am," was answered.

"Then your looks and words do not agree," said Mrs. Grayson. "How did you sleep?"

"Pretty well."

"Did you cough through the night?"

"A little."

"What time did Georgie wake up this morning?"

"About the usual time."

"Say five o'clock?"

"Thereabouts, ma'am."

"Did you have to get up with him?"

"Yes, ma'am. I don't think the dear little fellow was quite well."

"How long were you up with him?"

"Off and on, until daylight."

"What of the night-sweats you told the doctor about? Did you have them?"

"Yes, ma'am. I always have them."

"Well, this won't do, Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson. "The doctor says you mustn't lose so much rest. I shall have to make some arrangement to relieve you of either Willie or Georgie at night. You must get more sleep, earlier or later."

Barbie did not reply. As she stood, with her eyes upon the floor, her name was called from the nursery.

"Yes, dear," she answered, and hurried back to her charge.

So ended the interview. But the nurse was not forgotten. Several times through the day Mrs. Grayson thought of her, and turned over the ways and means of relieving her from the exhausting demands nightly made upon her strength. Difficulties naturally presented themselves. The children were used to Barbie, and so much attached to her that it was not probable either Willie or Georgie, the troublesome ones at night, would submit to being taken from her room.

The experiment was made on Willie, in order to give Barbie a chance to gain sleep during the first part of the night. But he rebelled, of course; and, instead of fretting between sleep and wakefulness, screamed to the full capacity of his lungs. This was worse for Barbie than the care of Willie; so, after enduring the baby's cries for half an hour, she could hold out no longer. Leaving her bed and throwing on a wrapper, she went to Mrs. Grayson's room, and took, almost by force, the screaming little one from her arms. No sooner were her tender, loving tones in his ears than Willie's cries changed to murmurs of delight, as he nestled his head down upon her bosom.

"Dear pet lamb! They shan't take him from his Barbie!" And with these assuring words, she ran back with the hushed child to the nursery and laid him in his crib beside her bed.

So that experiment proved a failure, and was not attempted again. The next trial was with Georgie, the five o'clock boy. After he was asleep, he was removed to his mother's room. Mrs. Grayson did not get home from a party until past one o'clock. It was two before she was lost in sleep. At five she was awakened by Georgie, who wanted to get up.

"Georgie can't get up now," said the mother, half-asleep and half-awake.

"Barbie! Where's Barbie? I want Barbie!" cried the child, in a voice that expressed both passion and surprise.

"Hush! Lie still! You can't go to Barbie!"

But the mother might as well have spoken to the wind. Georgie only cried the louder.

"Do you hear sir? Stop crying this instant!"

No impression.

"You Georgie!"

The tempest raged more fiercely.

"Stop this instant, or I'll punish you!"

The threat may not have been heard. It certainly was not heeded. Mrs. Grayson felt too uncomfortable under the double annoyance of broken sleep and stunning cries to be able to keep a very close rein on patience.

"Did you hear me?"

She had left her bed and gone over to the one occupied by Georgie.

"Hush this moment, sir! I won't have such goings on!"

Mrs. Grayson was unheeded. Patience could hold out no longer. The hand which she had uplifted in threatening, came down upon the rebel with a smarting stroke.

"Oh, no! Please, ma'am don't do that!" And a hand caught her arm that was a second time upraised. It was the hand of Barbara.

"Please, don't!" pleaded the distressed nurse, who had left her bed and come to the door of Mrs. Grayson's chamber, on the first sign of trouble. She had not stopped to throw on a wrapper; but, in her thin night-clothes, moist with the perspiration that made sleep a robber of strength instead of a sweet restorer, ran downstairs and along the cold passage to the chamber where the strife she dreaded had commenced.

"Go back to your room, Barbie!" said Mrs. Grayson, with anger in her voice. "How dare you interfere!"

"Barbie! Barbie! Oh, Barbie!" cried the child, in a voice of anguish. "Take Georgie, oh, take Georgie!"

(To be Continued.)

A LIFE THAT TOLD.

Thirty years ago the region about the London docks contained as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity."

The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling-hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through this district after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry of mingled agony, suffering, laughter and blasphemy coming from these depths, that rang in his ears, go where he would."

He resolved to give up all other work in the world, to help these people.

He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will hear; not patronizing visitors."

He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brickbats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had unfortunately no eloquence with which to reach them; he was a slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient, and in earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall, thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street-fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night-schools were opened, industrial schools, and refuges for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in this work were the men and women whom he had rescued from "the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said, "the congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old, careworn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the Docks where he had worked so long.

Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a furious mob, bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowds of sobbing people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him.

"No such funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England. The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chislehurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot,—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to young men on entering the world, but there are none nobler or that lead more directly to heaven than that of this modern crusader.—*Youth's Companion.*

A NEW LIFE.

I heard Bishop Haven relate the dream of a personal friend, a prosperous merchant. He was a member of a church, but not spiritual-minded. He was an intense, successful money-maker. One night he dreamed that he saw a ladder reaching from his home up to the skies. Looking up he saw his wife and little boy away up the ladder, and they were still climbing. He called to them, but they made no response. They kept going on, on, on. When they got to the top, the heavens opened and closed behind them, and they were lost to sight. Then he started to go up, but the ladder swayed, seeming as if had no fastening at the other end. Still it swayed, and still he went on, though he became very much alarmed. He determined to keep on climbing and at last reached the top, but he could not get through, for there was only a small hole, and he could not press his body through. Look up he saw the words, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God." And he awoke, and awoke into a new life, as I know. He gave himself anew to God, used the means which God had given him for the advancement of God's kingdom, and when his wife and boy went home to God it was not long before he followed them to their celestial abode.—*Rev. John Parker.*

A LEARNED QUEEN.

Marguerite of Savoy was the daughter of Victor Emmanuel's brother, the Duke of Genoa, who fell at the battle of Custozza, fighting bravely. His two children, a girl and a boy, became the wards of their noble uncle, Victor Emmanuel, who determined to marry the pretty Marguerite to his own son Humbert. The son has become Duke of Genoa.

Perhaps there had been a promise or intention of this kind beforehand. At any rate, the young Princess had been most carefully educated, and showed always a remarkable love of learning. Going once to the old city of Padua with her governess, Miss Arbessor, a learned Austrian lady, she visited the Paduan University known to all of us as the famous place where Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" graduated. Here at the top of the staircase, the bright little girl saw the statue of the famous Helene Lucretia Piscopia, and was told that she spoke Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French with fluency; was besides a poetess, a musician, a writer of mathematical and astronomical dissertations; was laureated with a doctor's degree of the University, which she richly deserved.

Miss Arbessor noticed that her little charge looked very thoughtful as she wandered about the great halls. "Why are you so melancholy, my princess!" she asked.

"Because, Rosa, I fear I shall never be as learned as she was."

"But you can try," said the governess.

And when they returned to the old palace at Monza, where the Iron Crown of Lombardy is kept (Monza is a little village near Milan, but it has in it a curious old palace, where the Queen comes now, for a part of every autumn, because it was there that much of her industrious girlhood was spent), inspired by the example of Helene Lucretia, she divided her day in six parts, and gave faithfully certain required hours to certain studies. When a girl of fifteen, she attracted the attention of learned men by the variety of her information. Amongst others who so noticed her was the learned Mr. Marsh, the American minister, who spoke of her, "as knowing a great deal for so young a girl;" and his own niece, Miss Crane, was often invited to spend four or five weeks with the princess that she might speak English with her. She studied German, Spanish, French and Russian with native teachers, and music (which to-day is her chief enjoyment) under the best masters.

Meantime history, which is an important study for every one of us, engaged her deepest attention. She became profoundly learned in the history and literature of her own magnificent Italy, which holds invaluable art treasures in every little town. It is said that on her first visit to Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, she repeated the lines from Dante, in which the poet is made to give an account of himself. She was only twelve years of age then. She held the hand of her royal uncle, Victor Emmanuel, who said to her:

"My little maid, you shall one day be the Queen of United Italy."

She had a natural tendency toward order and system, great self-denial and a wonderful love of books, but she had not a remarkable memory. This she resolved to cultivate and used to rise an hour before the time specified, to study dates, verbs, and tables, in order to strengthen her mind in this respect. To this judicious habit she owes her present wonderful command over her memory—although even now she refers often to her friend, the Marchesa di Villamarina, for a name or a date—but never for a fact.

Of the Italian classics, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, she early became mistress, reading them at night, for her pastime.

Then she took up Shakespeare, a very hard poet for an Italian girl to master; but so fond of him has she become that statues of Juliet, of Beatrice, of Imogen and of Portia, ornament her private rooms.

Mathematics came very hard to this poetic and musical girl. She shed many tears over her multiplication table and her algebra; but she conquered both, and can count in eight languages. Let even a very good linguist try that, and he will see how difficult it is even to count fluently in two.

While all this hard elemental knowledge was being acquired, sometimes with headaches, often against her pleasure, she was being taught to ride, to drive, to dance, to fence, and to play the Italian instruments—the mandoline and guitar as well as the piano. She has lately added to her acquirements by taking lessons on the banjo.

Before her marriage, which took place when she was seventeen, she had written papers comparing the genius of Goethe with that of Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton, and a very clever paper on the "Ducal Courts of the Middle Ages." Truly a royal girl, worthy to stand by the statue of Helene Lucretia Piscopia, in the University of Padua!—*M. E. W. Sherwood, in Wide Awake.*

EXPERIENCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

The *Alliance News* publishes the following letter, withholding the names of the hospital and doctor:—

7, RAGLAN PLACE, Bishopston, Bristol,
5th July, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—I think that insertion of the enclosed in the *Alliance News* would do good. The circumstance was related to me by Miss Williams who was on a visit to her mother in Rhymney with whom I was staying at the time; that is about a year ago, so it is now four years since the case referred to occurred at the hospital. Subsequently Miss Williams has been connected with St. George's Hospital, and also Miss Harrison's Institution, London. She nursed the late Sir Jules Benedict during his last illness. At Bournemouth a few years ago she knocked herself up during Dr. Budd's last illness; for sixteen weeks of the time she did not take off her clothes. She is thoroughly in favor of temperance treatment in fever and syncope cases, and has seen much good result by it. The heart of a young gentleman whom she was nursing stopped for a few seconds; she brought him round with half a wine-glassful of water.

I venture to mention these facts, as, if looked up, an heroic young lady like Miss Williams might be of considerable service in connection with medical temperance.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

JOHN NELSON.

While staying with Mrs. Williams, her daughter, then at home, related to me that in the——Hospital three years ago, when they had a number of typhoid cases, the following conversation occurred:—

DOCTOR: How is it, nurse, that you do not obey my orders? You do not give the patients sufficient brandy. You allow them to slip through your fingers.

NURSE: How many typhoid cases have we had in this (the upper) ward?

DOCTOR: Twelve.

NURSE: How many have we lost?

DOCTOR (hesitating): Well, let me see—one.

NURSE: How many have they had in the lower ward?

DOCTOR: Fifteen.

NURSE: How many have they lost?

DOCTOR: Seven. You must, however, obey my orders, and see that Mrs. —— has sixteen ounces of brandy to-night, even if you force it!

The nurse gave the following account of what followed: Nine p.m. I looked at my patient, whose tongue was like a bit of leather hanging from her mouth—face flushed—eyes upturned—presenting symtoms of approaching death. I could see that the brandy had produced this. I went to the mantelpiece and took the bottle from the cage and walked with it into my room, having determined to nurse the case myself through the night. She was quite unconscious.

By twelve o'clock I had managed to feed her with half a pint of milk. In four hours' time I succeeded in getting her to take about a pint.

Two a.m. She was very cold and chilly; I immediately obtained four warm bottles, placed two at her feet, two at her sides, and covered her with two warm blankets.

Four a.m. She became chilly again. What shall I do? Shall I give her the brandy? I said within myself as my footsteps were taking me along the corridor towards my room to fetch it. No! I resolved and turned. I repeated the warm appliances, and gave her a teaspoonful of sol-volatile in a little water.

Eight a.m. She appeared revived. I now wished to leave for breakfast, but before doing so I called to my patient's bedside Nurses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and and told them what I had done, and ordered one to remain by the bed until I returned, with strict orders that the patient was not to have brandy. "You ought to give it," said one, "as the doctor ordered." I replied, "You are responsible to me; I am responsible to him."

Nine a.m. My patient was conscious. I ordered at once a pint of double beef tea. During the forenoon Dr. —— came on his usual visit, smiling as he observed the success which he thought had followed his prescription.

DOCTOR: Of course you followed my direction?

NURSE: When you have gone round the ward, I will speak to you outside. (Outside in the corridor.)

NURSE: That woman has not had one drop of brandy during the night. I felt that I should be doing wrong to obey your orders. I now tender you my resignation. I shall, however, tell the committee and the lady superintendent why I am leaving.

DOCTOR: Say no more about it. Say no more about it. You have done very well.

I jotted the conversation down immediately Miss Williams left the room. Here and there I may have used a different word, but the substance is correct, and it is almost verbatim. J. N.

[Our correspondent gives the names of the hospital and doctor. These we do not think it necessary to publish.—ED. *A. N.*]

WHO RAISED THAT CALF?

Compare the liquor traffic with other trades—we call up the blacksmith, and say, "You get money, come up here and bring specimens of your work." He would come and holding up a horseshoe, would say, "Here is my work; every time I put a shoe on a man's horse he is better off, and I am better off, if he pays me."

Now we want to test the man of the dram shop by the same standard. "Come up, sir, you must come into the same scales of political economy and be weighed. You toil not, neither do you spin, yet few workmen can wear such clothes as you do. What are you giving for what you get? Bring a finished specimen of your work; hold it up and show us its fine points." What would he bring?—What does the dram-shop manufacture? It has always manufactured drunkards—first, last and all the time. A dram-shop keeper is as much a drunkard maker as a man that makes slides is a shoemaker. You go down the street, and seeing a new waggon, stop to admire it, and say, "I wonder who made it?" "I did, sir," answers the waggonmaker. He may be dressed in poor clothes but he is proud as he contemplates his finished work. While visiting a fair with a friend I stood at a pen looking at a calf. "I wonder who raised that calf," said my friend; "I did," answered the farmer standing near, and straightened himself up as much as to say, "I am proud of my work." As you pass along the streets you often see other work finished, sitting on the curb or wallowing in the gutter. Stop and ask "Whose job is this?" Will the drunkard-maker run out of his factory and say, "I did that work." Why will they not defend their work? When they have finished a man they kick him out in the street. If the liquor business is respectable its products must be—they have their own work and acts to meet and defend; this much and no more. —*John B. Finch.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

1. (*a*) If a family spends fifteen cents a day for beer, how much is expended in four weeks? (*b*) How many loaves of bread at ten cents a loaf, could be bought for the same money?

2. (*a*) A smoker spends twenty cents a day for cigars; how many dollars will he spend in one-half a year? (*b*) How many books at $2.00 a piece, could he buy with this money?

3. (*a*) At forty cents a gallon, what is a family's beer bill for sixty days, taking two quarts daily? (*b*) How many pairs of shoes at $2.00 a pair will this money purchase?

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Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king said to his subject, "Thou art more righteous than I."
2. What king said "I am this day weak though anointed king."
3. What prince said "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance."
4. What king said "I am but a little child I know not how to go out or to come in"
5. What king said "Pray for me that my hand may be restored me again."
6. What king said to a prophet "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"
7. What king said to another king "I am as thou art, my people as thy people, my horses as thy horses."
8. What king sent to meet a company with the question "*Is it peace.*"
9. What queen cried "Treason, treason."

BURDEN-BEARERS.

Five men, all carrying burdens, but not all the same burden, went up once to a house. All of them, when they left it, left their burdens behind. One of them, however, to the general astonishment, brought another burden away, and that with manifest joy. With manifest joy, for the simple reason that *his ability to* carry this burden was the most convincing evidence of his having been delivered from the other. What persons and burdens are here referred to, and where do we read of them in the Bible?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 16.

1. Ahasuerus, Esther 8: 10.
2. Jonadab, Jer. 35: 6.
3. *Joshua, Josh. 10: 11.*
4. Elisha, 1 Kings 19: 19.

SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.—Jephthah. Jeremiah, Jer 17: 7. Ezra, Ezra, 9: 9. Peter, 1 Pet. 5, 7. Hezekiah, 2 Kings 20: 19. Thomas, John. 10: 28. *Hagar*, Gen. 16: 13. Abraham, Gen. 22, 8. Hannah, 1 Sam. 2: 9.

A LETTER FROM TENNESSEE,

SHOWING WHAT MAY BE DONE IN CHURCHLESS PLACES.

"We are living in a neighborhood remote from church privileges," writes a lady from White Bluff, Tenn., "and a few of us ladies thought best to meet at our school-house, to study God's Word and teach it to our children. We met five Sundays in succession before we succeeded in getting a superintendent, and then were compelled to elect a female (myself). We have been trying to raise a little money for papers, and we here enclose $2.00 for which please send *Northern Messenger*, twenty-five copies for four months. Our school now numbers twenty-three families including a good many men, old and young, and is rapidly increasing, and we feel sure we will need at least that many copies. You do not advertise them in that way, but, knowing your kindness of heart, we feel confident that you will grant our request. * * * Please pray for us that our efforts in the Master's cause may be blessed to the eternal good of many souls."

The above shows what may be done in localities which lack places of public worship. To everyone so situated we would say, "Go and do thou likewise."

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